

CONFUSIA WANDERS THROUGH THE WORLD...

IN THE NORTHERNMOST REGION OF THE WORLD, BEYOND THE DUNA  
AND THE LAND OF THE KELTOI, CONFUSIA FINDS A LAND RAVAGED BY HUNGER,  
DISEASE, AND SLAVERS. YET SOME ARE FIGHTING TO SURVIVE.

# THE SMALLHEROINE

Version 1.0.

By: KIM HOLM

AN OPEN-SOURCE ADVENTURE



THE TALE TOLD,  
IS NOT THE  
TRUE TALE.

THE NAME GIVEN,  
IS NOT THE  
TRUE NAME.

THE UNNAMABLE  
IS THE END OF  
HEAVEN AND  
EARTH.

THE NAMED IS  
THE MOTHER OF  
THE 10 000  
THINGS.

UZZH-TH-TH

Liv sneaked out before dawn, just to walk by the river. Every day the house felt smaller. She was becoming a young woman. In the old country she would be roaming the tribes, or so they told her. Not sleeping in the same bed as her baby-sisters, at least.

Liv just wanted to be alone.

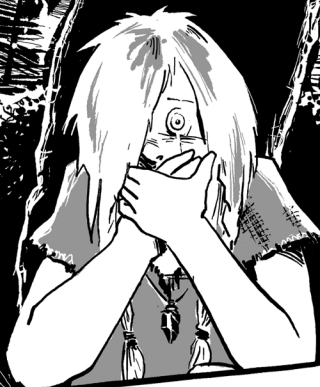
Then suddenly...  
...she is.

She doesn't  
move...

...she doesn't  
make a sound...

...she waits...

...waits while the  
slavers take her  
whole life away.



After they're  
gone, she pries  
the axe from  
her father's still  
warm hands...

...and swears an  
oath...

MOTHER...  
I WILL FIND YOU.

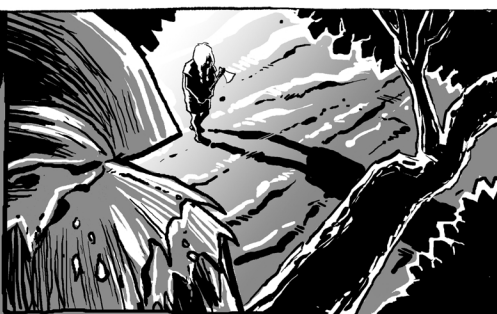
SISTERS...  
I WILL FREE YOU.

FATHER...  
I WILL AVENGE YOU.

...OR DIE TRYING...



Still quivering, she follows with only blood on her mind. She feels not the first warm rays of summer on her skin, hears not the songbirds welcoming the day, sees not the shadow in the trees watching her...

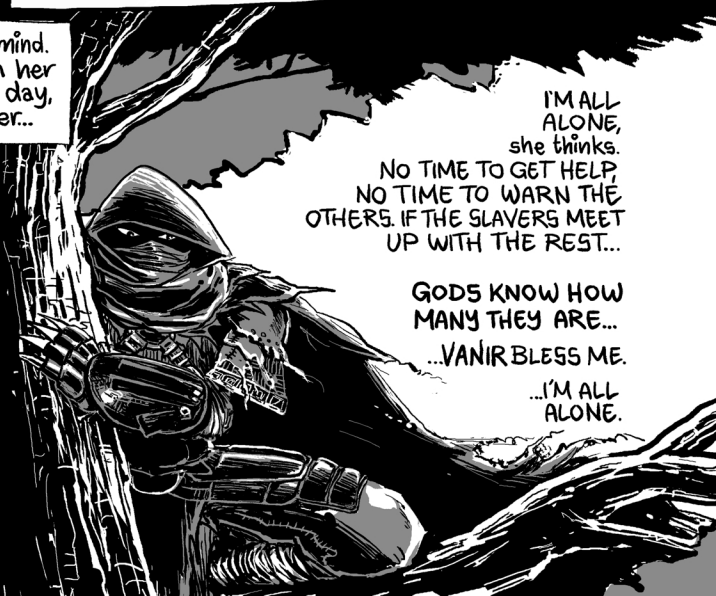


I'M ALL  
ALONE,  
she thinks.  
NO TIME TO GET HELP.  
NO TIME TO WARN THE  
OTHERS. IF THE SLAVERS MEET  
UP WITH THE REST...

GODS KNOW HOW  
MANY THEY ARE...

...VANIR BLESS ME.

...I'M ALL  
ALONE.





She follows them through the seemingly endless summer day...  
...waits as they get wild on honeybrew...  
...watches as they ravage her family...  
...listens as the roaring laughter turns to drunken snoring...  
...and her sisters cries turn to sobs in their sleep.

And when her patience is rewarded, she moves in...



Gods, fate, or luck...

...in a single strike she is a killer of men.

The stench of blood, shit, and death clench her throat, making her knees weak and her stomach turn...





Liv hears nothing but the drunken mumbblings as the stupid guard fumbles forward. Her heart races faster and faster as death creeps closer...



This kill isn't quick. His body writhes and twists as she turns the axe in his skull. His death-rattle sends a chill down her spine, and seems to echo in her mind.

I'M ALL ALONE, she thinks, BUT NOT FOR LONG. BY FREYA'S TEARS, IF I CAN GET TO MOTHER WITHOUT WAKING THEM, WE MIGHT STAND A CHANCE. THE FOUR OF US, TOGETHER AGAIN, AGAINST FOUR SLEEPING BEASTS... IT WILL WORK... IT WILL WORK... IT WILL WORK... IT MUST.





...

No words are spoken.  
None are needed.



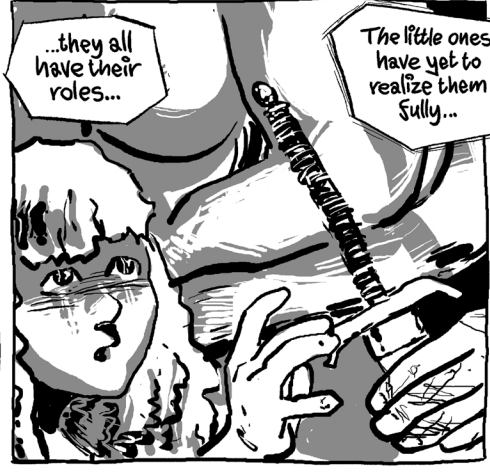
Their people are  
used to being the  
hunted. They've  
had to learn to  
sleep lightly.

Learn to know  
when to run, and  
when to strike.

Liv  
knows...



...mother  
knows...



...they all  
have their  
roles...

The little ones  
have yet to  
realize them  
Sully...



...have yet to  
learn to fear  
them, truly.



Liv watches her  
mother's back  
move with her  
breath...

...feels her  
sisters follow at  
her heels...

...hears their  
stupid prey snore  
and grunt...

...thinks of  
the myths of  
old...

AS THE LIONESS  
LEADS HER  
YOUNG TO THE  
GREAT HUNT...



The growls die out, and the banshees wails turn to shrieking laughter and cries of joy.

But as the little ones finally go back to sleep, the night's work is just about to begin.

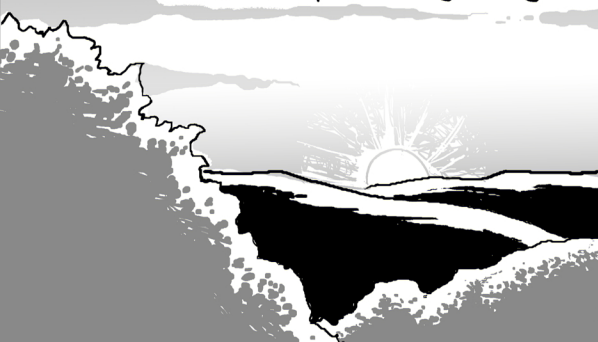
These people are strangers here. The bronze-lord's blood tax offers no safety from raiders. It's in their towns that the slavers sell their catch to die in the darkness of the salt-mines or toil in the crowded stone mazes of the fabled south.

If the people of the dales are ever to be left alone, an example has to be set. The slavers have to know there is a price to be paid.

Time flies in a haze...

...the sun rises...

...Liv finishes up their bloody message.







I'M COMING, MOM...

And then, as the sunlight shines through the branches of their tree, it suddenly hits her.

COME ON SUNNA, COME TO MOMMY...

OH, HELS SHADOW...

...THERE WERE FOUR...

THERE WERE FOUR OF THEM LEFT!

At first Liv thinks it's a trick of light...

I'm not Sunna... I'm a BEAW!

Oooh! BIG SCARY BEAR!

...but there, above her, hangs the Sinal Slaver...

...dead, but not by their hand.

Not scary, mom...

Ghost or God...

...Liv doesn't know...

...not a word is spoken...

...Am'a... Am'a nice beaw... I eat BEAWIES!

CAN MOMMY HAVE SOME BERRIES?

No! Beawies for BEAW!

...none are needed.

WHAT'S THAT VILDE?

Eww... A Swog!

Oooh... CAN THE FROG HAVE BERRIES?

No!

MOM! WAIT U-UP!

As they leave, the little ones have yet to fully understand that they will never see their Sather again. There are long, hard days ahead. Behind them the message will speak clearly to anyone who stumbles across it. But the battle is far from over. Slavers and bronze-lords will have to learn not prey on the children of the Vanir... Liv doesn't say a word, but deep inside she knows...

VANIR BLESS US...

...WE WILL FIND HOME AGAIN.



Written and drawn by  
**Kim Holm**  
(With help from the internets and friends)  
This is a beta release of  
**Confusia**.  
Confusia is a secret  
open-source  
comic-book.  
When it is out of beta,  
Confusia will be  
shared and created  
freely. Stay tuned!

If you want to  
contribute to Confusia  
or perhaps publish it  
contact me at  
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or through one of my  
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[cartoonarchy.blogspot.com](http://cartoonarchy.blogspot.com)

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